

remarks (although I dare say my motives will be misinterpreted) entirely with a view of promoting useful inquiry, and of getting fairly at the merits of the question; that we, as practical men, must not be carried away by an indiscriminate admiration merely because the building is large; and that, as I see the master, the only part of the undertaking which calls for hearty praise, and which is thoroughly satisfactory, is the fact that Messrs. Fox and Henderson have executed this very large work in an unparalleled short space of time, and have thereby proved the great resources of the country, and their own means of commanding them. I, as a professional man, congratulate them on their performance, and I hope they will some day build another such building, when they shall have had more time to turn themselves round, and to thoroughly consider the details of the construction and appointments.

HENRY DUNSTON.

DESIGNING MEN.

As you seem to regard with some favour the history of a life spent in the arts, I shall imitate my good old friend Britton, and offer you an autobiography, which you will decide upon for printing, if you consider worth anything the opinions of an old stager, as the boys of the present day impudently call me; though you may see that my hand is still steady enough for work; and of my brain, here is a specimen:—

Imagine, then, in the year 1817, two young men entering upon life, each with a thousand pounds for his capital: one (my brother) an eminent tradesman, whose house has slaughtered more calves, perhaps, than any other in London, and who now retires on a comfortable income (though I doubt if his boys, who are to buy his business, will do as well; but this by the way); the other, myself, just out of a good architect's office, where I was truly educated for a term of seven years. Then getting connected with the Board of Works, and being offered, or rather commanded, to go abroad, to arrange some important works, and start them, you must fancy me returned to England in 1823, just in time to find that only travelled men were worth patronage, and therefore off again on the grand tour,—Italy, Greece, Sicily, a little of Egypt, France, the Rhine, and home. Little enough of the thousand pounds was left, you may imagine, but still some connections, I thought, remained to me; but, alas! no; 1825 had done some irreparable harm: other men had stepped into my path, and builders began to be architects. Only one course seemed opened to me, and I embraced it. Let my previous history (for you, perhaps, do not recollect the two Bonds) be a warning to architects who leave their prospects to improve their minds, as my future progress will also teach a lesson. The manufacturers began to get tired of the French taste which had succeeded to the Gallic classicism of Napoleon, and it was my good fortune to get into habits of designing for different trades: my style is now to be seen everywhere, for it was luckily a favourite; but my name is never heard: let that pass for the present. I have seen enough to warrant my speaking on the present position of design, designers, and manufactures: thank goodness I have done with them, and hope to live as easily as I may in my brother's house on the little more than sixty pounds a year which I have managed to save by buying an annuity cheap. What is the great complaint against manufacturers at the present time? the want of taste in their productions. What is the cause of that want? the non-employment of proper artists. What is the reason of the manufacturers, when willing, being unable to find such men? their fault for the last thirty years in not paying them. So now, when the manufacturer exclaims that he does not know where to find his men, it seems, in the first place, that he does not mean to pay sufficiently to tempt great artists; secondly, that those great artists are really incapable (and I admit the fact, for they do not know the details of their business); thirdly, that he cannot find the lesser men, for

their addresses are not known; their existence is barely tolerated by the manufacturer. This cry is his excuse for copying foreign works; and he is apolling the students of the schools of design by taking the young men, as soon as they can copy, from their lessons. Now, in France, there are, as always, ateliers which the student cannot leave till he can design; that is to say (translated for the benefit of the tradesman), incoet. It really is remarkable so few of them know the difference between a drawing and a design.

It is far from my meaning that there are no designers in our manufactures: in some of the oldest houses there are such men, either as partners or as confidential clerks; and if you want to know these houses, there are so few that, I believe, you may find them all among those who petitioned for the Registration of Designs Bill; but even these houses fell into the error of hiding the name of their art-producer, so that we know of few, and of these few, who know the fate of Bogaerts or of Bridgens? Yet one helped to revolutionize the style of our furniture; the other taught how metal could be effectively cast.

But the poor lads of the present day, compelled to steal, have no ground for asking their employers to parade them as men of talent, so they get swamped; and if any credit be given, the manufacturer takes it to himself, and often does not confess he has bought it. Now, in times gone by, Andrea Mantegna, Giulio Romano, Le Panfre, and a host of others, were employed by men who proclaimed their artists' names as an advertisement of the excellence of their goods. In this country it is the reverse: by employment in a factory an artist loses caste, and so I cannot be found in the ranks of the Institute of Architects, which, perhaps, is no loss, as I could not afford the honour; but in Germany and France the architect is in a worse position than the ornamentist. How is it that all the upholsterers have a generally uniform style? and where were they educated to get it? The style of my master's day has gone out—who devised the new one? do styles arise spontaneously. If so, why did not a new style of architecture arise at the same time?

It was, and I am proud to say it, through the architect that the manufacturers got designs; and how do they behave? They steal, Sir; they steal; and so they get their reward, while their slaves are yearly let down in the proportion of their pay, as the excellence of their former designs occasions a demand for similar articles which want no designing; and this is not an unfair statement, for, like their brethren in other trades, who say, "we risked the first, let us have the profits of the following," the manufacturers in London, till the last seven years, made their employers pay for the design in the first instance. Whose was it then? The employer paid for a design for an article of which he only would have one, and so paid—was it his? The manufacturer was paid for producing it—was it his? The designer was paid as if one only was to be made from it, when hundreds of copies were made,—by the employer, by his friends, by the manufacturers they employed, by the first maker for his clients, for their friends, to no end of reduplication. Had the designer no claim to anything but his first guinea? Should he not have even the reputation, which should induce others to employ him? Such successful articles were common, and in one house a single designer's productions only to this moment are inquired for by the public and the trade.

Yet with this crying evil, known to every one connected with the literature of art, all editors, and you are one of them, allow the public to read "we are inferior in talent of design to foreign ornamentists." Take another instance: one manufacturer, on being taxed by his employer for multiplying the pattern from a mould charged to the employer, was cool enough to say, "your bill was paid last Christmas, and till then I did not use your mould." Another, equally candid, told one of his employers that all the moulds he used had been originally paid for by that very employer; and again, I was last year shown my own drawings as the property for sale of

the manufacturer to whom they had been entrusted by a former client of mine for execution for him only.

Yet the Society of Arts rewards manufacturers at its exhibitions, and the governing body or jury may be defied to give a reasonable reason. Is it for the design? then they should reward the designer. Is it for workmanship? then they should reward the workman. Is it for understanding his own interests? that is an odd cause for rewarding the manufacturer only, who does not exhibit a speculation for love, but a commission, or a selling article.

How many names of designers will appear at this great exposition in the glass case at Hyde Park? Excepting the pupils in the schools of design, I may say, not one such man will be put forward. Nor, unless he execute his own designs, can he step forward of himself.

As for the art-manufacturers, as they were called, I presume they have had their day, and will forbear to rake up their weaknesses, unless some one will praise them first.

I said that the manufacturers stole: they steal in all manner of ways,—even before the first article is supplied to the employer, the public can get it: such was my information at our late great goldsmiths. [Speaking of that trade, I must admit, too, that Messrs. Garrards do show off Mr. Cotterill, and he deserves it.] And in the very last article which I have invented, the substitution of one colour for another, at the suggestion of the manufacturer, has authorized him, he thinks, to copy it as his design, and to do what he likes with it as his own. That suggestion, too, was stolen from the rough sketch which lay next it in my sketch-book, when he came to see it; and I caught him turning over the leaves, to see, as he innocently avowed, "if he could find a new notion." But that was honesty itself compared to the practice of the paper-stainers, who must needs patronize the Germans and French, because these artists bring each, at every season, some hundreds of patterns to show; and, while buying one, you can steal the idea of three;—or to that of a silk man, who, on seeing some foreign patterns which I had brought home, offered a trifle for one, and, on being refused, said it did not matter, as he could recollect it well enough. So be did.

But to return. I recollect one design has lately been made by an eminent artist, that has been successful in its run, after he had learnt the details of the business he was kindly patronising, and the manufacturer has been obliged to give him the credit of it, because, as he said, "every body asked for it by that name." He thought it very hard, too, considering that the artist only gave his design, while he went to the outlay necessary for its production. It will appear that if the manufacturer will pay liberally (and by liberally, I mean only at the scale of French or German payment, calculating the difference in money by the prices of bread), and if they will let the public know that it can get good things from good men, the public has taste enough to foster that set of productions: then the manufacturers may find that it is their interest to have again one partner a designer. It is a pity that so few of the old houses were in favour of that arrangement.

I have just written "the artist only gave his design:" such is the folly of some men, that if asked, after a taste "dinner," just to make a sketch "for my little love of a—" whatever it may be, some of our first architects are in the habit of taking the bread out of other men's mouths by taking pen and ink and a little colour, and making such a drawing of decoration as the client would not dare to beg if she saw it on the artist's own table; and this, too, without filling his own mouth, except by the hospitality, which is afterwards placed to his account as a reason why he should not make the usual charges for his services. An acknowledged service is worth something more than the degradation of being unfit to be named; and the loss of position is to be expected when the artist becomes a mere manufacturer of varieties of patterns from one design. Yet such is becoming the state of the English